To fleere and ſcorne at our ſolemnity?
Now by the ſtocke and honour of my kin,
To ſtrike him dead I hold it not a ſin.
*Cap.* Why how now kinſman? wherefore ſtorme you ſo?
*Tib.* Uncle this is a *Mountague* our foe,
A villaine that is hither come in ſpight,
To ſcorne at our ſolemnity this night.
*Cap.* Young *Romeo*, is it?
*Tib.* 'Tis he, that villaine *Romeo*.
*Cap.* Content thee gentle Coze, let him alone,
A bears him like a portly Gentleman,
And to ſay truth *Verona* brags of him,
To be a vertuous and well govern'd youth;
I would not for the wealth of all this Towne,
Here in my houſe doe him diſparagement:
Therefore be patient, take no note of him,
It is my will, the which if thou reſpect,
Shew a faire preſence, and put off theſe frownes,
An ill beſeeming ſemblance for a feaſt.
*Tib.* It fits when ſuch a villaine is a gueſt,
I'le not endure him.
*Cap.* He ſhall be endured,
What? goodman boy, I ſay he ſhall, goe too,
Am I the Maſter here or you? goe too:
You'll not endure him, God ſhall mend my ſoule,
You'll make a mutiny among my gueſts,
You will ſet a cocke a hoope, you'll be the man.
*Tib.* Why Uncle 'tis a ſhame.
*Cap.* Goe too, goe too,
You are a ſaucy boy: iſt ſo indeed?
This trick may chance to ſcath you I know what:
You muſt contrary me, marry 'tis time:
Well ſaid my hearts: you are a Princox, goe,
Be quiet, or (more light, more light for ſhame)
I'le make you quiet (what) chearely my hearts.
*Tib.* Patience perforce with wilfull choler meeting,
Makes my fleſh tremble in their different greeting:

I will.